APRIL No. 15

T-MAN

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10c

A QUALITY COMIC PUBLICATION

WORLD WIDE TROUBLE-SHOOTER

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See-

THE TRAITOR

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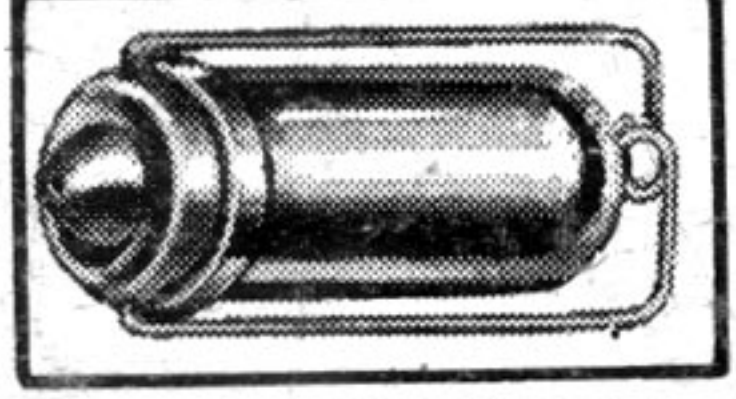

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T-MAN

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY WAS DONE! HITLER'S HORDES HAD BEEN DEFEATED---BUT TO SOME FANATICS HIS PHILOSOPHY OF TERROR STILL LIVED ON! ONE SUCH MAN WAS FRITZ KESSEL! AND WHEN THIS WAR CRIMINAL WAS RELEASED FROM PRISON, PETE TRASK, T-MAN AND TROUBLE-SHOOTER, WAS WAS ASSIGNED TO CHECK ON HIS ACTIVITIES! THE STRANGE TRAIL LED FROM GERMANY TO A WAXWORKS IN FRANCE, WHERE A LONG-BURIED SECRET WAS UNEARTHED TO EXPOSE AN---

UNDERGROUND RENEGADE

TOWARD THE END OF WORLD WAR TWO, NAZI GERMANY WAS CRACKING UNDER THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE! AS A RESULT NAZI BIG-WIGS WERE SCATTERING FOR SAFETY---

LOOK! SOMEBODY TRYING TO SMASH THROUGH THE ROAD-BLOCK!

HERE'S WHERE I GET ME ANOTHER MARKSMAN MEDAL!

WELL, WE REALLY BAGGED A BIG ONE! IT'S COLONEL FRITZ KESSEL, HITLER'S PERSONAL PAL!

YEAH! I HEARD ABOUT HIM! HE'S THE RAT WHO ORGANIZED A FRENCH NAZI MOVEMENT!

THE WAR CRIMES COMMISSION IMPRISONED KESSEL FOR HIS ATROCITIES, AND KESSEL SERVED HIS TIME UNTIL TODAY, WHEN HE WAS RELEASED!

ANY STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS, KESSEL? ANY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE?

I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO! THAT IS ALL I HAVE TO SAY!

EXACTLY TWO DAYS LATER, PETE TRASK, ACE T-MAN AND TROUBLE-SHOOTER, WAS SUMMONED TO HIS CHIEF'S OFFICE---

PETE, YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE! MILITARY INTELLIGENCE WANTS YOU TO WORK WITH THE FRENCH SECRET SERVICE! FRITZ KESSEL HAS BEEN SEEN IN FRANCE!

FRANCE? I WONDER WHY HE WENT THERE?

AS YOU KNOW, NAZISM IS ON THE RISE IN GERMANY AGAIN! MAYBE KESSEL HAS ORDERS FROM THE SECRET NAZI LEADERS TO ORGANIZE A NAZI MOVEMENT IN FRANCE AS HE ONCE DID!

COULD BE! THERE ARE FRENCH COLLABORATORS WHO WERE NEVER EXPOSED!

YOUR JOB IS TO KEEP ON KESSEL'S NECK---FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO---WHO HE CONTACTS! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY!

NO ASSIGNMENT YOU GIVE ME, EVER IS, CHIEF!

UPON ARRIVING IN PARIS, WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE POLICE, THE T-MAN SOON PICKED UP KESSEL'S TRAIL---

THERE HE GOES! NOW WHAT?

HURRY! HURRY! SEE THE FAMOUS WAXWORKS--- THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS WITH ITS GRISLY EXHIBITS!

AUX GALLERIES DE WAX

---AND HERE WE SEE THE NOTORIOUS AMERICAN GANGSTER, DILLINGER! CLOSE BY WE SEE A TABLEAU SHOWING THAT FIEND, JACK THE RIPPER!

IN THIS TABLEAU, WE SEE THE WAX IMAGES OF ADOLPH HITLER AND HIS CRUEL AIDE, COLONEL FRITZ KESSEL! THIS IS THE VERY CAR IN WHICH KESSEL WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE WHEN CAPTURED BY THE ALLIES!

AS THE GUIDE MOVED ON, ONE MAN REMAINED LOOKING AT THAT CAR, A THOUGHTFUL, FAR-AWAY LOOK ON HIS FACE! THAT MAN WAS FRITZ KESSEL!

THINK I'LL NEEDLE HIM ABOUT HIS NOSTALGIA! HE MIGHT SPILL SOMETHING WITHOUT REALIZING IT!

RE-LIVING OLD MEMORIES, KESSEL? THAT CAR IS A SORT OF SYMBOL TO YOU--- A SYMBOL OF THE PAST, PERHAPS? BUT THE PAST IS DEAD, ISN'T IT?

THE PAST HAS A WAY OF REVIVING ITSELF!

UPON KESSEL'S ABRUPT DEPARTURE, TRASK CAREFULLY FOLLOWED HIM TO A PHONE BOOTH---

THERE'S AN EMPTY ADJOINING BOOTH--- JUST MADE TO ORDER FOR ME TO LISTEN IN ON KESSEL!

SLIPPING INTO THE ADJOINING BOOTH, THE T-MAN WAS JUST IN TIME TO OVER-HEAR KESSEL'S FINAL WORDS---

I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN OUR FEUHRER AND NEITHER HAVE YOU! YOU UNDERSTAND! WE WILL ARRANGE A MEETING SOON! HEIL HITLER!

TOO BAD I DIDN'T HEAR WHO HE WAS TALKING TO! BUT THIS CONFIRMS THE CHIEF'S SUSPICIONS! KESSEL IS GOING BACK INTO BUSINESS AGAIN!

SOON AFTER, TRASK RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL ROOM AND PREPARED TO WRITE A REPORT TO HIS CHIEF, WHEN...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

TELEGRAM FOR M'SIEU TRASK!

OKAY! JUST A SECOND!

WHA---AAAT?

WE ARE COMING IN, M'SIEU TRASK!

SURE, PAL---COME RIGHT IN! LET'S HAVE A CHUMMY TALK!

WE WILL DO ALL THE TALKING, MR. TRASK!

CONSIDER THIS A WARNING, MR. TRASK! KEEP AWAY FROM KESSEL! WE DON'T WANT YOU FOLLOWING HIM!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, MR. TRASK! DON'T MEDDLE IN KESSEL'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS!

UH...

REMEMBER... KEEP AWAY FROM KESSEL!

OHHHHH!

OOOH! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S TIED TO A YO-YO! THOSE GOONS REALLY WORKED ME OVER!

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF KESSEL'S STRONG-ARM STORM-TROOPERS TO SCARE ME OFF HIS BACK! I'M JUST STARTING ON THAT GUY!

LATER, PETE TRASK VISITED THE OFFICE OF POLICE INSPECTOR VILLON...

AH, TRASK, COME IN! MAY I INTRODUCE HENRI TREMAINE! YOU REMEMBER HIM... FROM THE FRENCH ANTI-NAZI RESISTANCE DURING THE OCCUPATION!

OH, YES! I'VE SEEN TREMAINE'S FINE RECORD IN THE O.S.S. REPORTS!

THEN TRASK QUICKLY EXPLAINED THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS OF THE KESSEL CASE...

IT'S UNFORTUNATE WE DON'T KNOW WHO KESSEL CONTACTED!

THIS KESSEL IS A THREAT TO OUR DEMOCRACY! HE MUST HAVE A CONFEDERATE HERE WHO'S WORKING WITH HIM!

EXACTLY! BUT WHO? THE COLLABORATOR COULD BE ANYONE! IT MIGHT BE SOMEONE HIGH UP! IT MIGHT EVEN BE ME!

THAT NIGHT, TRASK KEPT HIS VIGIL OUTSIDE KESSEL'S ROOMING HOUSE! SOON KESSEL EMERGED AND TRASK EXPERTLY TRAILED THE NAZI...

THE WAXWORKS! CLOSED UP FOR THE NIGHT! BUT KESSEL'S MAKING FOR THE ALLEY FLANKING IT!

HE'S FORCED OPEN THAT WINDOW AND NOW HE'S GOING INSIDE! WHAT'S HIS CONNECTION WITH A WAXWORKS, I WONDER?

HEIL, HITLER! HA! HA!

I DON'T GET IT! THAT'S A SARCASTIC LAUGH! IT'S AS IF HE'S MAKING A MOCKERY OF THE SALUTE!

NOW KESSEL WORKED SWIFTLY! TOSSING THE WAX EFFIGY OF HITLER CONTEMPTUOUSLY TO THE FLOOR, KESSEL SLASHED OPEN THE BACK SEAT AND FROM IT TOOK SOMETHING...

AH! IT'S STILL HERE... EXACTLY WHERE I PUT IT WHEN I TRIED TO MAKE MY ESCAPE!

IN TRYING TO GET CLOSER, TRASK ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED THE TRIGGER OF THE GUILLOTINE EXHIBIT AND...

WHA...??

YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DIE!

IT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! YOU WILL BE SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO HAVE FALLEN ACROSS THE PATH OF THE GUILLOTINE BLADE!

SUDDENLY! THE SHARP CRACK OF GUNS SHOCKED TRASK BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS!

AGHHH!

BLAM! BLAM!

UH-OH!

ZZZZ

YOW! ALMOST GOT MYSELF A CREW-CUT HAIRCUT!

ZZZ CLANG!

YOU...YOU KILLED KESSEL! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING FOR HIM!

YOU MISUNDERSTOOD! WE WANTED TO KEEP YOU AWAY FROM KESSEL SO YOU WOULDN'T MEDDLE IN OUR PRIVATE WAR! NOW, LET'S HAVE THAT FILM CAN!

SURE! ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!

OWW!

GOT THE FILM CAN... BUT THEY'VE GOT GUNS AND I HAVEN'T!

THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS THAT I LIVE TO GET THIS FILM CAN TO INSPECTOR VILLON!

AMID THE MACABRE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, A BIZARRE CHASE BEGAN---

HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT FILM CAN!

THE "DILLINGER" EXHIBIT! DILLINGER, FOR ONCE YOU'RE GOING TO HELP THE LAW!

SILENT AS A SHADOW, THE T-MAN WORKED HIS WAY BEHIND THE KILLERS AND THEN HIS VOICE SNAPPED A COMMAND---

DROP YOUR GUNS!

WHAT? I THOUGHT HE WAS UNARMED!

I WAS UNARMED, PAL! "DILLINGER'S" DUMMY GUN WASN'T LOADED, BUT YOURS IS!

TRICKED--- TRICKED BY A BLUFF!

LATER, THE PRISONERS WERE IN INSPECTOR VILLON'S OFFICE AND INTERROGATED WITHOUT SUCCESS---

IT'S NO USE, PETE! THEY REFUSE TO TELL US WHO THEY WERE WORKING FOR!

I THINK THE ROLL OF FILM IN THIS CAN WILL TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!

EXACTLY ONE HOUR LATER, THE T-MAN AND THE POLICE INSPECTOR DROVE TO THE MANSION OF HENRI TREMAINE---

WELL, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

WE'VE GOT A MOVIE WE WANT YOU TO SEE! MAY WE USE YOUR SALON?

ALL RIGHT, TRASK! THE SCREEN IS READY!

GOOD! NOW, MR. TREMAINE, IF YOU'LL TURN OFF THE LIGHTS I'LL START THE PROJECTOR!

AS YOU CAN SEE, THE FILM SHOWS ADOLPH HITLER AND HIS CUTTHROATS ENTERING A RECEPTION ROOM FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION---

SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET A MEDAL---THE IRON CROSS---FOR SPECIAL SERVICES TO NAZISM!

AND HITLER HIMSELF PINS THE MEDAL ON THE ROTTEN COLLABORATOR WHO BETRAYED HIS FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN!

LIGHTS ON! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

YES, TREMAINE--- NOW WE KNOW IT WAS YOU WHO BETRAYED MANY UNITS OF THE UNDERGROUND TO THE GESTAPO WHILE YOU POSED AS A FRENCH PATRIOT!

NO WONDER YOU HAD YOUR GOONS TRAILING KESSEL! YOU KILLED HIM FOR IT BECAUSE THAT FILM WOULD HAVE EXPOSED YOU!

QUITE RIGHT, M'SIEU TRASK! KESSEL WANTED MONEY FOR THE FILM!

KESSEL WAS A FAR-SIGHTED RAT! WHEN HE REALIZED GERMANY WAS LOSING THE WAR, HE HID THAT FILM IN HIS CAR AND TRIED TO ESCAPE WITH IT--- FIGURING HE COULD *BLACKMAIL* YOU WITH IT LATER ON!

STAY BACK, M'SIEU TRASK--- I'M A CRACK SHOT!

TREMAINE! IT'S NO USE! MY MEN HAVE SURROUNDED YOUR PLACE! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!

YOU ARE SO WRONG, INSPECTOR!

DISREGARDING THE THREATS OF BULLETS, TRASK KEPT AFTER THE RENEGADE! THE CHASE FINALLY LED TO AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER...

NO WONDER HE WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE POLICE CORDON! HE'S GOT A GETAWAY BOAT DOCKED ON THE RIVER THAT RUNS UNDER THE HOUSE!

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE LIKE A HUMAN BOMB!

RIGHT ON TARGET!

INTERFERING YANKEE PIG! I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU TRY, I'LL SAY THAT FOR YOU!

CRASH!

TREMAINE! TREMAINE!

DEAD! HE BETRAYED THE UNDERGROUND... AND HE DIED... UNDERGROUND! A DEBT OF LONG STANDING HAS NOW BEEN PAID IN FULL!

FREE!

WHILE THEY LAST!

10 "HITLER HEADS"

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THE STRANGE THING WAS, THAT T-MAN PADGETT WAS ASSIGNED THE CASE BECAUSE A NOTED COUNTERFEITER WAS INVOLVED! BUT THE COUNTERFEITER HAD CHANGED HIS RACKET TO SOMETHING INVOLVING A DEAD MAN AND---

The DEAD MAN'S SHOES

ON THE NIGHT OF MAY THIRD, THE WATCHMAN OF A GRAVEYARD IN DAYTON, OHIO, CAME ACCIDENTALLY UPON THREE MEN AT A GHOULISH TASK---

HEY, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT COFFIN?

TOO BAD YOU HADDA MAKE YOUR ROUNDS EARLIER THAN USUAL, OLD-TIMER!

UH-HHHH!

LATER, AT A POLICE STATION, THE WATCHMAN PICKED OUT THE FACE OF HIS ATTACKER FROM THE ROGUES GALLERY FILES---

THAT'S HIM! I'D NEVER FORGET THAT FACE!

HMM! THAT'S FLOYD BENSON, THE COUNTERFEITER! THIS IS TREASURY BUSINESS NOW!

T-MAN JOHN PADGETT TOOK OVER AND IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED THE WIFE OF THE DEAD MAN---

MRS. KUTTNER, I'M SORRY BUT IT'S ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY YOU EXAMINE YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S COFFIN AGAIN! NOW---IS THERE ANY-THING UNUSUAL ABOUT THE CORPSE?

N-NO! NOTHING!

OH---WAIT! THOSE ARE NOT MY HUSBAND'S SHOES! HE ALWAYS HATED WEARING POINTED-TIP SHOES!

THIS IS CRAZY! WHY WOULD THOSE GHOULS SUBTITUTE ANOTHER PAIR FOR THE SHOES YOUR HUSBAND WAS BURIED IN?

YOUR HUSBAND WAS BURIED YESTERDAY, WASN'T HE?

YES! HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK WHEN WE WERE TOURING HOLLAND! I HAD HIS BODY EMBALMED BY AN UNDERTAKER THERE AND SHIPPED HOME FOR BURIAL!

FIRST I WANT THE NAME OF THE UNDERTAKER---THEN I'M GOING TO HAVE THE DUST ON THE DEAD MAN'S STOCKINGS ANALYSED!

SOON AFTER, AT A TREASURY BUREAU LABORATORY---

I'M USING A SODERMAN-HEUBERGER FILTER IN THE VACUUM CLEANER! THE SPECIAL FILTER PAPER COLLECTS THE DUST SO IT CAN BE EXAMINED MICROSCOPICALLY!

Little Vacuum

WELL, PADGETT, YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT! I'VE FOUND DEFINITE TRACES OF WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR!

IMMEDIATELY, T-MAN PADGETT WENT TO HIS SUPERIOR, THE CO-ORDINATOR OF THE TREASURY ANGENCIES...

SIR, I'D LIKE SPECIAL GOVERNMENT ORDERS TO EXHUME THE COFFINS OF AMERICANS WHO HAVE DIED IN HOLLAND AND HAVE BEEN SENT HOME FOR BURIAL IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS!

THE GRIM EXHUMATION WAS COMPLETED SWIFTLY, AND THEN THE T-MAN BEGAN THE LONG, PATIENT WAIT FOR SPECIAL NEWS...

PADGETT, IT'S COME! CUSTOMS JUST SENT WORD AN AMERICAN WHO DIED IN HOLLAND HAS ARRIVED HERE FOR BURIAL...

LAB

OKAY! LET'S GET STARTED!

EXACTLY TWO NIGHTS AFTER THE NEWLY-ARRIVED COFFIN WAS INTERRED...

COAST IS CLEAR! GET DIGGIN'!

DON'T BOTHER! WE'VE ALREADY GOT WHAT YOU WANTED FROM THE COFFIN!

COPPERS! WE GOTTA SHOOT IT OUT!

DIED 1948

DON'T MAKE IT TOUGH FOR YOURSELF, BENSON!

OWW!

BELOVED MOTHER MARY

1925 ?

THERE HE GOES, PADGETT!

YOU STAY HERE! I'LL GET HIM!

THEN BEGAN THE EERIE CHASE T-MAN PADGETT WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER...THE HUNT FOR A MAN IN A GRAVEYARD!

I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, COPPER!

UHH...!!

I HATE COPPERS! EVERY TIME I SEE A COPPER I WANTA EMPTY A GUN AT HIM! LOUSY COPPERS...

AS THE CRIMINAL'S HAND TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER, THE *T-MAN* ACTED...

WHA-AA?

YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO COUNTERFEITING, BENSON! YOU GOT YOURSELF IN A TOUGH RACKET THIS TIME!

LATER, THE T-MAN EXPLAINED THE RACKET...

WHEN AN AMERICAN DIED IN HOLLAND, A CERTAIN AMSTERDAM UNDERTAKER OFFERED HIS EMBALMING SERVICES! BEFORE HE SHIPPED THE BODY TO AMERICA, HE WOULD HIDE DIAMONDS IN THE SHOES!

THEN HE'D NOTIFY HIS PALS HERE AND THEY'D DIG UP THE BODY, SUBSTITUTING OTHER SHOES! WE FOUND MICROSCOPIC TRACES OF DIAMOND DUST ON THE STOCKINGS OF EVERY CORPSE HE EMBALMED!

CLINK!

CLUNK

TRICKY, EH? SMUGGLING DIAMONDS PAST CUSTOMS...IN A DEAD MAN'S SHOES! BUT NOW, THOSE SHOES HAVE WALKED THE SMUGGLERS RIGHT INTO A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!

T-MAN

THE BELIEF OF A DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE IN ITS SCIENTISTS MUST BE STRONG, STEADFAST! YET, THERE ARE TECHNICAL MEN WHO HAVE BETRAYED THAT SACRED TRUST AND HAVE GIVEN TO THE ENEMY THOSE SECRETS THAT COULD MEAN THE LOSS OF MILLIONS OF LIVES! THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SCIENTIST WHO WAS BRANDED A RENEGADE, AND OF PETE TRASK, THE T-MAN WHO REFUSED TO BELIEVE HIS FRIEND WAS...

THE TRAITOR

IN THE LATE SPRING OF THE YEAR, ALL ENGLAND AND THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONS WERE ROCKED BY HEADLINE NEWS...

LONDON TIMES

ENGLISH SCIENTIST ARRESTED AS TRAITOR! IAN BRENT CHARGED WITH GIVING SECRET WEAPON PLANS TO COMMUNISTS!

THESE ARE THE FACTS! TWO DAYS BEFORE, BRENT WAS SUMMONED BY HIS SUPERIOR---

YOU'RE TO CARRY THE PLANS OF OUR NEW WEAPON TO OUR MUTUAL SECURITY CHIEFS IN WASHINGTON! YOU'LL TAKE THE MORNING PLANE!

RIGHT, SIR!

THE SCIENTIST MADE THE USUAL PREPARATIONS FOR HIS TRIP, AND LATER, HE LOCKED THE PLANS IN A STRONG, BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS THE SCIENTIST WAS ABOUT TO BOARD THE TRANS-ATLANTIC PLANE HE WAS APPREHENDED!

IAN BRENT, IT IS MY DUTY TO ARREST YOU FOR TREASON!

WHAT? I SAY, HAVE YOU GONE INSANE?

A SHORT WHILE AGO OUR WIRELESS MEN DECIPHERED A CODE MESSAGE BEING SENT TO MOSCOW! THE CODE GAVE COMPLETE DETAILS OF THE PLANS YOU CARRY!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO ONE HAS SEEN THE PLANS EXCEPT MY SUPERIOR AND ME!

EXACTLY!

WE KNOW YOU'RE GUILTY! WE FOUND THIS **COMMUNIST PARTY CARD** HIDDEN IN A BUREAU AT YOUR FLAT!

A PARTY CARD! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE! I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR IT!

ONE MAN, PETE TRASK, T-MAN, ON LEAVE IN LONDON, BELIEVED IN THE SCIENTIST'S INNOCENCE AND WENT IMMEDIATELY TO SCOTLAND YARD---

I TRUSTED IAN AS I WOULD MY OWN SON! THIS HAS HIT ME VERY HARD, MR. TRASK---VERY HARD!

SIR, I GOT TO KNOW IAN DURING THE WAR! HE'S NO TRAITOR! I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!

THE T-MAN REQUESTED PERMISSION TO SEE HIS OLD FRIEND AND IT WAS GRANTED!

PETE---REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO TALK ABOUT FIGHTING DICTATORSHIP? REMEMBER? I'D NEVER BETRAY MY COUNTRY!

I KNOW! YOU'VE BEEN FRAMED, MISTER! SOMEBODY PLANTED THAT CARD IN YOUR ROOM!

BUT ABOUT THAT SAFE--- COULD SOMEONE HAVE OPENED IT WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP?

IMPOSSIBLE! IT HAS A TRICK COMBINATION--- AND IT WAS RIGGED WITH A SPECIAL ALARM-SIREN DEVICE! ONLY I COULD HAVE OPENED IT!

IAN---DARLING--- WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? -; SOB;

IT'S VALERIE GIBSON, PETE--- MY FIANCÉE!

DARLING, THIS IS PETE TRASK, AN AMERICAN FRIEND! HE'S GOING TO DO WHAT HE CAN TO CLEAR ME!

OH, MR TRASK, THIS IS GOOD OF YOU! -:SOB: IAN NEEDS FRIENDS NOW! -:SOB:

THAT NIGHT, AS PETE TRASK WALKED TOWARDS HIS LONDON FLAT---

THE COMMIES GOT THE PLANS SOMEHOW, AND THEN PLANTED THE PARTY CARD! THEY'RE HOPING THIS EXPOSING OF A "TRAITOR" WILL BE A BLOW TO ENGLISH MORALE!

NOW! NOW COMRADES!

WHA---?!!

THREE AGAINST ONE! MAYBE I CAN EVEN THE ODDS A LITTLE!

WE'LL TEACH YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM OUR GOOD COMRADE BRENT!

COMRADE--- BRENT!

THE T-MAN WAS SO STUNNED BY THIS REVELATION, THAT HE WAS AN EASY TARGET FOR A CLUBBING BLOW!

NO--- NOT BRENT! WON'T BELIEVE IT! HE--- UHHHH!

THE PARTY WILL GIVE COMRADE BRENT ALL THE HELP HE NEEDS! PERHAPS A BULLET WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO INTERFERE!

BAH! I MISSED HIM! I'LL TRY AGAIN!

NO! DON'T FIRE AGAIN! I THINK I SEE A BOBBY COMING! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

OH--- ALL RIGHT! ANYWAY, I THINK THE YANKEE HAS BEEN CONVINCED HE MUSTN'T INTERFERE!

BRENT LIED! THE ROTTEN TRAITOR LIED! HE'S IN WITH THEM! BOY, WHAT A SUCKER I WAS! I ALMOST TOOK A BULLET BECAUSE OF HIM!

BULLET! THAT'S FUNNY--- THERE SHOULD BE A BULLET GOUGE IN THIS WALL --- BUT THERE ISN'T! THAT BULLET MUST HAVE BEEN A ***BLANK!*** BUT WHY---?

I GET IT! IT WAS ALL AN ACT TO MAKE ME THINK BRENT WAS A PARTY MEMBER SO I'D QUIT HIM! SURE --- THEY'RE AFRAID I'LL UNCOVER SOMETHING! BUT THEY OVERPLAYED THEIR HAND WITH THAT BLANK BULLET!

NOW I KNOW BRENT'S INNOCENT--- AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT SOME WAY, SOMEHOW! THE QUESTION IS--- HOW DO I START?

SHORTLY AFTER, THE T-MAN RETURNED TO SCOTLAND YARD ---

AN, TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID FROM THE TIME YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS TO THE MOMENT YOU WERE ARRESTED! DON'T LEAVE OUT A THING!

LATER, PETE TRASK PLODDED THROUGH THE GATHERING LONDON FOG TO A SQUAT BROWN-STONE HOUSE IN A RATHER ISOLATED STREET...

BRIN-ING!

DR. KREDGE, I'M AN AMERICAN AND I'M FLYING BACK HOME TOMORROW! I'LL NEED SOME "SHOTS"!

QUITE! THE USUAL HEALTH REQUIREMENTS FOR ENTERING A COUNTRY! COME IN, PLEASE!

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE, MR. TRASK! I'LL GIVE YOU THE ANTI-TETNUS INJECTION FIRST--- THEN THE SMALLPOX VACCINATION!

WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THAT HYPO, DOCTOR--- POISON?

WHA--- WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I'M SAYING THAT IAN BRENT CAME TO YOU FOR HIS IMMIGRATION INJECTIONS---BUT YOU GAVE HIM SOME KIND OF KNOCKOUT SERUM THAT WORKED ON HIM WHEN HE WENT HOME TO SLEEP!

YOU--- HOW DID YOU KNOW?

YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE YOUR SUSPICIONS! THIS POISON WILL STOP YOU --- NOW!

YOUR AIM IS OFF DOC!

BUT MINE ISN'T!

YES, DOC, I FIGURE THAT KNOCKOUT SERUM KEPT BRENT ASLEEP EVEN WHEN YOU SNEAKED INTO HIS ROOM LATER THAT NIGHT! THEN YOU GAVE HIM ANOTHER INJECTION --- OF A TRUTH DRUG!

Y-YOU'RE ONLY GUESSING---

SURE ---AND I'M GUESSING BRENT WAS SO KNOCKED OUT HE NEVER KNEW THE TRUTH SERUM WAS MAKING HIM TALK--- WHILE YOU GOT THE SAFE COMBINATION OUT OF HIM! THEN YOU COPIED THE PLANS, PLANTED THE PARTY CARD AND LEFT!

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, DOC? ISN'T IT?

YES---YES! GET THAT NEEDLE AWAY! I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!

PARTY BETRAYER! DIE!

BLAM!

YOU'RE A CLEVER MAN, MR. TRASK--- MUCH CLEVERER THAN I REALIZED!

HELLO, VALERIE--- I'M NOT SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE IN SUCH ROTTEN COMPANY!

WHEN I QUESTIONED BRENT, HE HAPPENED TO MENTION IT WAS YOU WHO SUGGESTED HE USE DR. KREDGE FOR HIS IMMIGRATION SHOTS! THEN I REALIZED IT WAS YOU WHO TIPPED THOSE THUGS TO BLUFF ME INTO QUITTING BRENT!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, MR. TRASK! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF YOU --- AND THIS TRAITOROUS DOCTOR!

WHEN PETE TRASK REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, IT WAS IN A CAR SPEEDING OVER A THAMES BRIDGE - - -

WELL, VALERIE--- WHAT'S NEXT ON YOUR PRIVATE PURGE?

YOU! YOU AND THE DOCTOR WILL BE DUMPED INTO THE THAMES RIVER IN A FEW MOMENTS!

DON'T EVER GET YOUR HAIR BOBBED! I LIKE IT BETTER THIS WAY!

EEEK!

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

STAY PUT AND I'LL ONLY HAVE TO HIT YOU ONCE!

UH-OH! ANOTHER OF THEM WASN'T KNOCKED OUT BY THE CRASH!

THAT JUST ABOUT WRAPS IT UP!

SOON AFTER, AN ENGLISH BOBBY RAN UP TO INVESTIGATE AND FOUND THE T-MAN WITH THE SITUATION WELL UNDER CONTROL!

BLIMEY!

BETTER RING UP THE YARD --- AND TELL THEM TO FREE IAN BRENT --- AND TO GET A COUPLE OF CELLS READY!

T-MAN

The DUMB TRICK

DEEP hatred darted out of Artie Pringle's eyes! He stood leaning on a desk in the publishing house here he had worked for two years and glaring at Ed Boyd who had taken his place.

"Okay, Ed," he said, "you've taken my job and you've taken my girl. But I'll get even. Wait and see."

"Artie, I'm sorry," explained Ed. And he seemed sincere. "It's not my fault that you fell down on the job here. And as for Hazel—well, it just happens that we fell in love. We're going to be married. But none of it was done maliciously."

"But it's wrecked everything for me," replied Artie. "It's left me looking like a failure in everything. But I'll come through. And I'll get my revenge, too."

Ed watched Artie walk out of the office. "Too bad," he thought. "The guy's got a lot on the ball. Brains, too. But he just doesn't know what to do about it."

Artie had always been a scholar. And he was smart! Smart enough to get a job that looked like a good pay-off, as the secretary for old Mr. Martin Longley who was a millionaire. Artie became his close companion, only he went under another name. He had taken the job under the name of his arch-enemy, Ed Boyd. Artie had plans—to take what he wanted from the decrepit old fellow, walk out, and let the blame fall where it would. But, at least, no one would know his real identity.

"I need some money from the safe," Mr. Longley said one day. "The combination is three right, four left, six right and two left!"

"I'll get it for you," answered Artie with a smile. It was what he had been working for. To get the combination of the safe meant that he would be able to get away with a fortune. Mr. Longley trusted him. But, if he ever got into trouble, he could take off. And the name of Ed Boyd would be enough to get the man he hated into real trouble.

Things went pretty well for Artie after that. Occasionally he'd slip a few dollars or a few hundred dollars from the safe into his pocket. No one knew the difference. He was riding on easy street. Mr. Longley was too senile to worry about the amount of money that was in his safe.

Life was good. Artie had almost forgotten about his dislike for Ed and his jealousy of Hazel. He hadn't heard from them for a long time. But his billfold was always bulging with bills and he felt smug in his new-found good fortune. Then, one day, a dreadful thing happened. It was Artie's day off but he returned to find Mr. Longley dead with a bullet in his head. The police grilled Artie all night. Then a suicide note was found inside the drawer of Mr. Longley's desk. It was enough to free Artie but, once again, he found himself without a job and without money. He had only a few dollars.

"But I'm sure glad the old man left a note," he sighed as he walked toward a cheap hotel. "They were trying to pin a murder rap on me."

He registered and walked up a flight of steps to his room, smiling all the way. "But I gave my real name," he said to himself: "I said I knew nothing about the place but was just coming to call. If there'd been any reason for a real case, it would have involved Ed Boyd."

Artie relaxed in the tattered room. At least, he thought, no one had caught up with his crookedness. No one knew that he had taken money from old Mr. Longley. Then he picked up the newspaper and read about Mr. Longley's will.

"To my trusted friend, Ed Boyd," it said, "the entire amount of my estate which will amount to more than a million dollars."

Artie stared. "To Ed Boyd," he muttered to himself. "He meant the estate to go to me."

And while Ed and Hazel celebrated and wondered why a total stranger would bequeath them more than a million dollars, Artie Pringle sat staring strangely at the cracked wall of his dowdy hotel room.

"I thought revenge would be sweet," he thought. "I wanted to get even with Ed Boyd. Now he's rich instead of me. Pretty poor revenge."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of T-MAN, published Bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, 578 Summer Street, Stamford Conn.; Editor, Alfred Grenet, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, 578 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, 578 Summer Street, Stamford Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of Sept. 1953. (Signed) LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1, 1954.)

T-MAN

HA! HA! YOU'VE LOST, TRASK! IN EXACTLY ONE MINUTE THE HYDROGEN BOMB WILL EXPLODE!

UNTIL NOW, THIS CASE WAS CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET--- BUT DUE TO RECENT EUROPEAN DEVELOPMENTS, THE TRUE STORY CAN NOW BE TOLD! HOWEVER, DUE TO, REASONS OF SECURITY, ALL THE NAMES OF PLACES AND PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CHANGED EXCEPT FOR THE NAME OF THE AMERICAN AGENT, T-MAN PETE TRASK! IT WAS THIS GALLANT AGENT WHO TRACKED DOWN THE MOST AMAZING THIEVES OF ALL TIME --- THIEVES WHO TOLD A CITY IT HAD ---

TWO DAYS TO DOOM

IT BEGAN WHEN A CRACK EXPRESS JUMPED A TRACK AND TELESCOPED ITS CARS ON A CERTAIN EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE ---

A PRISON CAR EN ROUTE TO A PENITENTARY WITH THREE CONDEMNED KILLERS WAS SMASHED OPEN AND THE KILLERS ESCAPED!

HURRY! HURRY! WE MUSTN'T LET THEM RECAPTURE US!

T-MAN

LISTEN, KALDEK--- BALVOV! IF WE'RE RECAPTURED, OUR LIVES ARE FORFEIT! SO WE'VE NOTHING TO LOSE IF YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE A BIG RISK WITH ME!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND, VRITOS?

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE AMERICAN T-MAN, PETE TRASK WAS CONSULTING A EUROPEAN POLICE COMMISSIONER ON A SMUGGLING CASE THE FOLLOWING DAY---

OH, BY THE WAY, ANY NEWS OF THOSE THREE PRISONERS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE TRAIN YESTERDAY?

NOTHING YET! TRASK, I'M WORRIED! THEY ARE DANGEROUS MEN! AND VRITOS, THEIR LEADER, IS A CRIMINAL GENIUS!

SIR, THE ESCAPED PRISONERS! THEY GOT INTO AN ATOMIC RESEARCH LABORATORY --- AND SOMEHOW THEY STOLE A ***HYDROGEN BOMB!***

GREAT SCOTT!

SOON AFTER, VRITOS HIMSELF DIALED POLICE HEADQUARTERS ---

COMMISSIONER, WE WANT ***TEN MILLION DOLLARS*** AND PARDONS FOR OUR CRIMES--- OR ELSE WE'LL DETONATE THE BOMB AND BLOW UP THE CAPITOL!

Y- YOU'RE INSANE!

IT IS NOW, MONDAY, NOON! AT EXACTLY NOON WEDNESDAY, WE'LL DETONATE THE BOMB UNLESS YOU MEET OUR DEMANDS! YOU HAVE ***TWO DAYS TO DOOM!***

JUST TWO DAYS --- OR ELSE! IT'S UP TO THE PRESIDENT NOW! IT WILL BE HIS DECISION!

IF I KNOW YOUR PRESIDENT, HE'S A FIGHTER! HE'LL NEVER MAKE A DEAL WITH THOSE KILLERS!

TRASK WAS CORRECT! SOON AFTER, THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF MADE AN EMERGENCY ADDRESS OVER THE CITY'S NETWORKS ---

WE CANNOT GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS OF KILLERS --- THEREFORE I HAVE GIVEN THE ORDER TO EVACUATE THE CITY AT ONCE!

;SOB; EVACUATION! ;SOB;

WE HAVE NO CHOICE! IT'S THE PROPER THING TO DO! WE MUST PACK QUICKLY!

EVACUATION! AN EXODUS OF REFUGEES ON FOOT, IN CARS, BUSES, ALL MANNER OF VEHICLES... LEAVING THEIR HOMES BEHIND!

HOURS LATER, THE EXODUS WAS COMPLETED! ONLY SOLDIERS AND POLICE REMAINED IN THE DOOMED CITY!

THIS QUIET--- IT'S EERIE! THE CITY'S ENTIRELY DESERTED!

NOT ENTIRELY! SOMEWHERE IN THAT MAZE OF CONCRETE AND BRICK, ARE THREE KILLERS AND A DEADLY HYDROGEN BOMB! NOW WE HAVE TO TRY TO FIND THEM!

LATER, IN THE POLICE CONTROL ROOM ---

LOOK, TRASK! THAT LIGHT---IT'S A SECRET BURGLAR-ALARM SIGNAL---AND IT'S COMING FROM THE NATURAL HISTORIC MUSEUM!

THEN THE KILLERS ARE HIDING THERE! LET'S GO!

SWIFTLY, QUIETLY, THE EFFICIENT POLICE CREPT INTO THE MUSEUM BUILDING---

OUR BEST CHANCE IS TO SPLIT UP AND SEARCH EVERY ROOM!

RIGHT! I'LL TAKE THE DINOSAUR ROOM!

NO SIGN OF THEM SO FAR! UH-OH! A SHADOW! AND IT'S ON THE MOVE!

HOLD IT, BALVOV!

UHH?

MAKE IT EASY FOR YOURSELF, BALVOV! BETTER GIVE UP!

YOU WON'T CAPTURE ME! I'M TOO FAST FOR YOU!

BALVOV! LOOK OUT!

YAAA!

CRASH!

CRACK

NO SIGN OF THE OTHERS IN THE MUSEUM! WHAT ABOUT HIM?

FINISHED! LIKE OUR SEARCH SO FAR, HE'S REACHED A DEAD END!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS PASSED! ONLY ONE DAY LEFT TO SAVE A DOOMED CITY! AND THEN THE MAN-HUNTERS GOT THEIR FIRST BREAK!

SIR, WE'VE LOCATED KALDEK! WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED IN A WAREHOUSE!

HE'S ALONE? WE MUST CAPTURE HIM ALIVE! WE'LL FORCE THE LOCATION OF THE HYDROGEN BOMB OUT OF HIM!

THE SEIGE OF THE WAREHOUSE BEGAN!

NO USE TRYING TO STORM THAT DOOR! HE'S GOT A TOMMY-GUN!

WE COULD BLAST THAT DOOR DOWN, BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE! WE MUST TAKE HIM ALIVE SO HE CAN TALK!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

KALDEK! COME OUT OR I'LL FORCE YOU OUT WITH TEAR GAS!

HA! HA! TEAR GAS WON'T DO ANY GOOD! I'VE GOT A GAS MASK!

HMM! THAT WAREHOUSE IS PILED HIGH WITH BIG VACUUM PACKED COFFEE TINS--- THE BIG TINS RESTAURANTS BUY!

TRASK! IT'S SUICIDE OUT THERE! TRASK!

I'VE GOT ONE CHANCE --- AND IT BETTER PAY OFF!

CRACK CRACK

INSTANTLY, TWO EXPLOSIONS RIPPED OUT--- FOLLOWED BY KALDEK'S ANIMAL SCREAM OF PAIN AND BEWILDERMENT - - -

EEEEE!

BOOM

BOOM

COME ON OUT, KALDEK! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, ONCE WE DUST THE COFFEE GROUNDS OFF YOU!

COFF

I DON'T UNDER-STAND?

IT'S SIMPLE! THOSE COFFEE TINS WERE VACUUM-PACKED, REMEMBER! THE SUDDEN BULLET HOLES RELEASED THE PRESSURE SO QUICKLY, THE CANS EXPLODED!

NOW, KALDEK... WHERE'S VRITOS?

I DON'T KNOW! WE SEPARATED --- TO MAKE FINDING US MORE DIFFICULT FOR YOU! VRITOS TOOK THE BOMB WITH HIM! IT'S THE TRUTH, I SWEAR IT!

5

SO THE SEARCH FOR THE ELUSIVE HUMAN BOMB WENT ON, BUT NO SIGN OF VRITOS WAS FOUND! TIME SEEMED TO RACE BY FOR THE HAGGARD MAN-HUNTERS...

ELEVEN O'CLOCK! ONLY ONE HOUR LEFT! ONE HOUR TO DOOM AND THEN THIS LOVELY OLD CITY WILL DIE!